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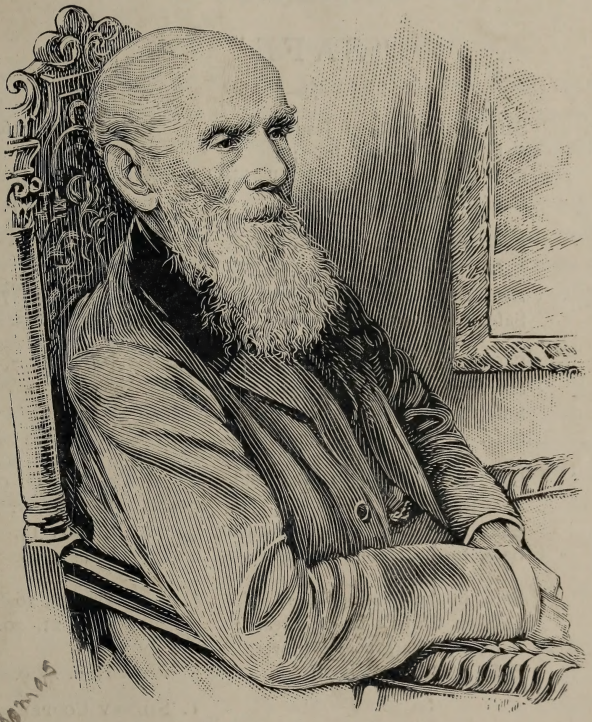
Memories of a Great Artist.

By PASTOR FRANK H. WHITE.



T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A., Born 1803; Died 31st Jan. 1902

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"SAFE."

Safe in the arms of Jesus,	Mark 10, 16.
Safe in the arms I love;	
Safe through the vale He'll shield us,	Psa. 23. 4.
Safe for the realms above.	John 17, 24.
Safe, though all ills surround us,	Psa. 32, 7.
Safe, though temptations throng;	Isa. 26, 3.
Safe, through all care Christ keeps us,	1 Peter 5, 7.
Safe, for the heavenly song.	John 14, 3.
Safe, through all tears and sorrow,	Psa. 138, 7.
Safe through bereaving woe;	
Safe for the glorious morrow,	
Safe, no more sin to know.	
Safe, by His grace Christ guides us	2 Cor. 12. 9.
Safe from the curse of sin,	Rev. 22, 3.
Safe, for His blood redeemed us,	Col. 1, 14.
Safe, for we're one in Him.	Gal. 3, 28.
Safe, in the fainting hour,	Psa. 73, 26.
Safe on Christ's loving breast;	John 21, 20.
Safe, by His gracious power,	
Safe, for Eternal Rest.	Heb. 4, 9.

T. SIDNEY COOPER.

Memories of a Great Artist.

The Late T. SIDNEY COOPER, R. A.

THE death of Mr. T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A. brought to a close a life fragrant of the very presence of the Saviour, and marked by a faith which was sublime in its simplicity. His autobiography, entitled "My Life," contains much that is encouraging in the highest degree to young beginners in any and every lawful calling, difficulties and discouragements notwithstanding, amply confirming the inspired proverb, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich"

Though from his very boyhood it would appear he was not without the *fear* of God, it was not till he was in his eighty-sixth year that he tasted the sweetness of Divine *love*. To this glad hour probably belongs the following verse, which was found by his wife among his papers in his own handwriting :

My soul in anxious fear was lost,
By faith I fell at Calvary's Cross,
My heart contrite, my soul laid bare,
Then oh, what joy, I found peace there.

"And peace with God," adds Mrs. Cooper, "was his, uninterruptedly, till the last, through abounding grace."

Perhaps, too, it is to the same time that he was referring when he wrote : "God has brought me to a sense of how unmindful I have been of the long chain of his mercies, not one link of which has broken from childhood to old age.

He has brought me to seek mercy at the foot of the Cross, where I found peace and grace which will support me for the rest of my life, in full and abiding faith in the precious blood of Him who was made sin for us and suffered in our stead. In this faith I shall continue, stayed on Him till the time comes for my departure; then I shall leave this life in the blessed assurance of a glorious immortality, when I shall see Christ as He is."

Again, "The blood of Atonement shed on Calvary is the sole means by which every black sinner, despiser, murderer, may be cleansed, and made 'whiter than snow.' The invitation now is, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'—the rest of holiness and eternal salvation. I wish that others could know what I did when the Holy Spirit first worked in my soul, showing me the need of the precious blood, the darkness of my heart, my ignorance, and sin, and nothingness. Grace passed over my heart, and repentance unto life eternal was mine. Now that I know the love of God, I have no fear, no anxiety; all is clear and open which was once hidden. The vail is rent, and God can make Himself known to all who by faith are rescued from eternal death. The joy of holiness annihilates all sorrow, and fills one with hope, and with the peace which the world can neither give nor take away. It renders the heart calm, with no fear of death.

"Nothing disturbs, not even the thought of what we once called happiness. Relying entirely upon God for every day's mercies, we have the full interest of His love, and of the sacrifice of Christ. He keeps us by Him, strengthens our

faith, and has our souls in his holy keeping. Christ alone is 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life': there is no other way to God."

"One day," writes Mrs. Cooper, "I was reading to him Heb. x., and stopping at verse 14, "For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified," I asked him what were his thoughts upon it. He replied, 'Such is the perfection of the sacrifice of Christ to God that He sees us in it, from the moment of faith in the soul, for ever. I have been thinking of the infinite distance between a holy God and a guilty sinner; but what intense delight to know that the death of Jesus has bridged the distance, and made a highway into the presence of God."

On another occasion, when very ill in bed, he said:

As I lie here, I think of God as all-powerful and all-patient. He does not hurry any of His purposes, He "worketh all things after the counsel of His own will," and therefore it is useless to think the power of man can supersede the purposes of God. I do believe that if God blesses not the remedy offered, it is of no avail. All the little that man can do, is as an atom compared with the infiniteness of God. The Great Physician JESUS CHRIST has the remedy for every malady. Life for the dead—hearing for the deaf—sight for the blind—above all, the power of curing the soul. He says, "Come unto ME, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." It is only to hear the Gospel—a living faith in His atonement. It is the breath that has come from Christ. If you do not believe in Him, you frustrate the very purpose for which He shed his blood. "The peace of God," how do you know it? It has no shape—no substance; it comes over the heart without effort, and brings with it perfect light. I can only compare it to the early dew of a summer morning; there is no fear—it is all glorious. I can give it no other name than "the love of God"—there is the sweet sense that *all* the sins are gone—nothing but tranquility and rest.

Mr. Cooper was an ardent lover of the Word of God, and made the sacred Book his constant companion and delight. In a letter published in the Bible Society's *Monthly Reporter* for May, 1899, he writes to the editor :

You ask me what I think of the Bible. It brought me to see I was lost in sin, and had no power to save myself. It showed how I must get God's forgiveness for all my iniquity. It told me the door of mercy was open, and salvation was to be freely had, It showed me the wonderful sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and through His precious blood all my sins are washed away. "For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin ; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. v. 21). I am thankful to say I read the Bible daily at 9, at 1. and at 10 p.m., and would recommend your readers to do the same.

Writing to a friend he said :

Yes, the Bible is my recreation. And when one really knows the glorious happiness to be found in the living Word, it is the sweetest recreation for those in declining years that the soul could possibly desire. The Bible and its truths form my life day by day. Here am I, an old man, aged and decrepit if you like, but for years and years I can look back and say, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

Making the written Word his constant companion, it is not surprising to find that Mr. Cooper was a man of much prayer. "He often prayed," writes his wife, "for a blessing on the Gospel of God's grace preached to sinners." The following was one day transcribed as it fell from his lips. "Bless the proclamation of thy Holy Word ; may it have free course to the hearts of those that hear it. May it be a balm to thousands, to cure them from the malady of sin, removing all their fears by the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ, and to the full glory of his Name, so that He may see of

the travail of his soul in his great love and sacrifice for a lost world."

During a severe illness in February, 1900, he was heard praying: "O God, in thy mercy comfort me with thy love. Shed it o'er me, that I may feel it sustaining me, for it is thy greatest attribute. The Scriptures say, 'God is love'; if I have thy love, what can destroy me? *Nothing.* It is the sure foundation of eternal happiness." Speaking of prayer, "a few hours before leaving us," writes Mrs. Cooper, "he said: 'I never have allowed, and never will, my infirmities to interfere with my communion with God.'"

Referring to his last hours on earth, Mrs. Cooper writes:

The Lord Jesus has received my beloved husband's spirit. He is "absent from the body, present with the Lord." I am overjoyed in his joy, his every desire more than fulfilled. Who can tell the rapture that is his, or the rich compensation for every sorrow and suffering here, to "depart and be with Christ, which is far better"? A few days ago he said to me, with tears of joy and a clear triumphant voice, "Christ is cheering me. It is all clear. He is ready, and I am ready. I shall fall asleep in Him." I wondered to hear such words, for he was not seriously ill; but with delight I find they were put into his lips to comfort me. I said the two lines to him:

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.

With tender earnestness he said, "I am always there." When I returned to his room, after a short absence, I said, "What have you been thinking about?" He answered, "Of God and Jesus Christ, and his sacrifices, and full faith, and holiness, and righteousness, and purity." He said, "Read to me." I read 2 Cor. v. 1. I then said, "I must read the glorious resurrection chapter," little thinking it would be the last Scripture he would hear. A few more hours passed without suffering, and the victory over death was won for him "through our Lord

Jesus Christ." Thus his prayer, uttered two years ago, was answered, "May I have an easy issue into thy presence above!"

These brief notes of some of the experiences and utterances of this aged believer recall very powerfully to my own mind the confession of the great Apostle of the Gentiles (given in 1 Timothy) as he neared the finish of his blessed course: "The grace of our Lord was exceedingly abundant with faith and love, which is in Christ Jesus." "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief. Howbeit, for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first (or foremost) Jesus Christ might show forth all (His) long-suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe in Him to life everlasting."

In graciously entrusting me with the above, Mrs. Cooper says:

I have put down a few words uttered, or written, by my beloved husband in thankful remembrance of the grace of God given to him, and in the sure and certain hope of his being in the glory of God; for it is written, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

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